



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

GUERRILLA FUNK

› Prelude

Yeah, 1990 mothaf**kin' four
P-Dog, back in this motherf**ker
The Black Panther of Hip-hop comin' at ya with the trunk-a-funk
What up, K-Cloud? Yeah
Shots goin' out to all them fake-a** wannabe, uh, "real n***as"
Y'all keep sellin' out, I keep bringin' the truth
West Coast funk, Guerrilla Funk
Comin' at ya straight from the Bay
And like I said, "In God I trust, so n***a do what you must"
I'm a still bring it to ya
And to ya punk-a** pigs out there, it definitely ain't over
L.A. we play comin' to your town soon, yeah
Oh, and uh, Chris Joyce, how you feel? I ain't forgot you motherf**kers
Keep your eyes on this, Scarface Records 1994
And it don't stop

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
Ninety-three was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast
And still the same n***a that was hollerin', "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's ninety-four and ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And I'm still lookin' for a way to make us rise
I emphasize that I still hate the devil (That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka that'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why

[Interlude]

Yeah! Right back at you once again in '94
P-Dog, righteous
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb
And we kickin' the real

[Verse 2]

So, anyway I'mma do it this time so you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and a soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
And f**kin' with the crew will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, I don't trip cause I still kicks the realest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw cause I'm God
So I hope you're listenin' what I'm kickin', it's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again

[Verse 3]

So I'm still comin' on with this (Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thing
To see a n***a locked down, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this, f**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know
Scarface records, Paris
Still hittin' you with the righteous sh*t
The funky sh*t
In the name of Allah
And it ain't gonna never change
It don't stop
It don't never stop
So back your devil-a** sob off me
And let me get my field
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again (2x)

Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist
And it ain't never gonna change!

› One Time Fo' Ya Mind

[Verse 1]

I'm sick of all the sh*t in '94 so I'm cappin'
F**king with them devils every time I start to rap
Listen to the man cause the man is coming right
P-Dog is in the house until them brothers see the light
But now understand I ain't concern with the bullsh*t
Cause I know the truth, I see they mothaf**kin' hoof print
Got n***as tripping off the violence and the 40 ounce
So I call my homies get my strap and go take forty out
That's the way I'm coming so you better tell a friend
B*t*h, I ain't your boy so respect me as a man
And n***as understand that I'm down for whatever
We gotta make it better brothers gotta stick together
Pay attention to the

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

Pay attention to the

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

[Verse 2]

Now house n***as on the left wanna talk sh*t
Mothaf**kin' devils on the right wanna dump a clip
Ever since I broke the grip of shame back in '89
I see tricks tripping all the time like I did a crime
Got me on the news cause they wanna hide the truth
But notice I'm a soldier and I'm coming at the youth
Black guerrilla standing for my folk and I'm proud
This one's going out to the brothers locked down (Now)
Now as long as we keep playing by your rules
I'm leaving sh*t stains on your flag till I'm through time
After time I bring them mothaf**kin' facts
I'm coming pro-Black, understand where I'm at
Take a listen to the

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

Take a listen to the

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

[Verse 3]

Never f**king with no dank, cut no drink y ou can keep that

Sh*t for the next n***as slangin' with a weak rap

Busta-a** bandwagon n***as wanna be the new

Gangsta of the week on the street but ain't got a clue

Damn, it's a trip how them devil-a** labels put

Everything they got in that sh*t but they never push

Anything real for the good of the community

It should be plain to see, f**kin' over you and me

So I stay true to the game cause it's on

Praise to Allah, running real for the cause

Never underestimate my enemies, but trip

On how they operate cause they wanna see me slip

As long as I'm living I keep giving you the facts

Bumpin' when I'm smugglin' in the message in the rap

So pay attention now cause I'm bound to catch a case

Them mothaf**kin' snakes wanna n***a in his place

But I keep on saying

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def-def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Beatin' down your block, it's the brother with the bomb sh*t
Comin' with the sound, makin' underground bomb hits
Doin' '94, it's time for some action
I'm askin', "which one of y'all is down for the count?"
Now, still in the warzone, in '94 it's on
But I'm full grown, f**kin' with the microphone
P-Dog creepin' in the drop with the dirty eye
Still f**kin' with the man and it's kinda odd
That a n***a roll down and let the sh*t to go
Still gotta pray for the L.A., we play
Black folks still bring in to the true
But I still got love, so I'm comin' through
With a trunk full of funk that I make ya
Separate the real from the fake each and everyday
Understand it's a must that I tear sh*t up
And I still won't budge
And that's deep

[Hook]

We got that sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 2]

Right back up in ya with the mothaf**kin' dose
Of the truth and you House-n***as can't come close
To the P-R, the O, B-L-A-C-K
Still lookin' for a way to make us rise each and everyday
Brothers, listen to the sound when I bump
P-Dog, and I'm hittin' ya in ya trunk with the funk
Got that down home sh*t ya love
I never slipped chippin' with the monster bug
You know it go on and on and I won't stop
Comin' with the militant grooves that keep y'all spirits lit
Long as n***as keep dyin', I'm a keep servin'
Hip-hop 'til the bullsh*t stops
Back in the name of Allah, the one true God

Stand tall, bringin' truth to all y'all
So buck that devil and pa** me the fish sh*t
And know I never switch-hit
And that's deep

[Hook]

We got the sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Bridge]

Take a listen to the sound, 'cause uhm
It's goin' down, baby (That's the law)
Ya know we keep it on the one
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 3]

One more dead Black man
You can ask K-Cloud 'cause this sh*t's out of hand
All I do is see the world just stand around and watch
N***as drop like flies around the clock
But I never underestimate the fact
That America still hate Blacks, so I gotta act
Ever since I was three-fifths of a man
It was clear that somebody had to take a stand
So I strive to survive in a place
Where your worth is determined by your race, ain't that a b*t*h?
Nothin' funny from where I'm comin' from so I don't
Wear a smile 'cause I know they got me on file
Long as n***as gotta live in this f**kin hellhole
I'm a freak the motherf**kin' funk so the people know
And recognize that as long as young brothers stay 'sleep
We're born to die, sh*t, and that's deep

[Interlude]

Oh, right back once again back at ya
P-Dog, still up in ya trunk
Comin to ya straight from the anti-gangsta
I give you Guerrilla Funk

› Bring It To Ya

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah

Special shout going out to all them motherf**king pigs out there

Boys in blue, ghetto Gestapo

"To serve, protect and break a n***a's neck" is how the saying goes

I'm here to speak on that

Special One, step up and let they a** know

[Verse 1: Special One, Conscious Daughters]

Friday night, me and Afro Key and The Coup

I'm celebrating cause we coming up and sh*t is moving

It's the Conscious, The Daughters, Daughters Conscious represent

East O, dipping slow, hit a right on 35th

On my way to, kick it with brother cause it's time

For me to get my feel so I'mma go for mine

But the 5-O, wanna follow me and try to break

Cause Special One is making more than piggies on the take

Should I, pull over, and hope the sh*t is cool?

Or should I mash cause I ain't no motherf**king fool?

See, Oakland California is a city where the pigs don't play

I see that sh*t everyday so I'ma bring it to ya

[Interlude]

Yeah, you better listen to exactly what's going on

(I'ma bring it to ya)

Pigs out in this motherf**ker do whatever they want, whenever they want

(So I'ma bring it to ya)

Robbing, killing, raping, you name it, they done it

(I'ma bring it to ya)

And still do that

So next time you feel like you safe in the community, think again

[Verse 2: CMG, Conscious Daughters]

Mista Policeman, or whatever you call you

You can't sweat the C 'cause I'm not that easy

Violation one, two, three, CMG in the O

Getting jacked by the po-po

Show me any cop in the community who's fair

And I'll show you some more that rather see a sister dead

So tell me, what's the reason for the jack? I talk back

Oh, now you take my money and ask me where I got it at?

CMG is just a Cash Making Girl
An artist, an artiste, so what? F**k the police
And any other cause I'm down to squab (Why is that?)
B*t*hes wanna do me cause I'm rolling with the mob
Motherf**ker

[Interlude]

Yeah

So now I got my Molotov c*cktail, fire grenades
(I'ma bring it to ya)
Muffler bombs, people's grenades, pipe bombs and sh*t
(I'ma bring it to ya)
I'm blowing locks, I got my motherf**king sling shot
(I'ma bring it to ya)
And of course you know I got the Glock 21 semi-automatic

[Verse 3: Paris]

Up from the depths of, quiet is kept a
Soldier was awakened where a n***a once slept
In the face of adversity, no mercy on my soul
I've seen 'em do the dirt, now blood is running cold
Five deep in a Cutty and I'm gripping on a nine
Cause I'm through crying foul, they running out of time
Got Doc K, Cloud D, Wood and Yonny Yan
Riding pump in the trunk for them piggies when they come
See, n***as steady dying never making front page
In America is scary, Whitey never caught a case
For killing Blacks, so we holding court up in the street
Please have some mo' "Coffee, Death & Donuts" on your beat
Now some will say, "Cop killa music might incite"
But killer cops whoop on n***as each and every night
So tell me who's to blame for the hate that hate produced
I'm better off dead than with you
F**k America

[Outro]

Yeah, f**k America

Them motherf**kers don't give a f**k about you
(I'ma bring it to ya)
They'd rather see you dead and the sooner you understand then the better off you gon' be
(So I'ma bring it to ya)
America is a racist country
It was built on racism

That's a fact
(I'ma bring it to ya)
So when you see the police in yo' community, who you think they protecting?
(So I'ma bring it to ya)
Who they serving? Not us
Who don't own sh*t so what's really going on?
Make you wanna take them punk motherf**kers and beat the dog sh*t outta 'em
Gives a f**k
Nat Turner 1994
And I'm out

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Damn, here come another sad song
Listen to the words cause again it's on
Gettin' at my best black one more time
Cause nowadays we droppin' like flies
Seems like every other week
Somebody I know gettin' caught up in the streets
Used to be sad when I heard somethin'
Now I'm cool if I find out that I didn't know him
And that's true, I thought you knew
Cause nowadays we're born to die
And black life ain't sh*t
Oops, there's another one going down
Shot dead to the ground
Just one more drug-related
Fiasco makin' life complicated
Ask yourself how many of your good friends die
And then ask why

[Chorus]

Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life

[Verse 2]

So I say, how many dope records do it take
Before the brother makes sleeping giants awake
Another day, another call, and it's so wrong
I can't believe I've seen him just last week, now he's all gone
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to gat bust
Now another one's life is lost, dead it twenty-two years old
Now my heart of pain is turned into a heart of stone
I feel like I wanna go get my motherf**king gat
Grab a mask and handle sh*t, but I'm conscious

So I think I'll count my losses
And wish my friend goodbye
I can't get with the same old, same old
Black on black, shoot a n***a off scenario
So I just swallow it down and try to let go
And see ya at the crossroads

[Chorus]

Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life

[Verse 3]

Now I'm more than a mack, more than a hustler
More than a D-boy pimp or sport star
And everybody can't make their way
Tryin' to rap or dance, I must say that the sh*t is played
Still militant, never be ignorant
More than a motherf**king jig
Cause I'm heaven's sin, ain't a player
You're n***a, a jungle-bunny
More than a coon or spook or porch monkey
And ain't sh*t funny
It's kinda sad we believe that's all that we can be
Brainwashed and ain't nobody lost but us
So who's paying the cost?
So I do what I can do
Still stayin' true, still payin' dues
And I still got love for ya
Don't squat when I talk, just listen
And get up on that sh*ts you're missing

[Chorus]

Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'

Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life

› Whatcha See?

[Verse 1]

One, two, three, and I don't stop
Comin' is the man with the motherf**king plan, got their a** running
Known and I'm prone to educate
When I speak to my folk, I set 'em straight
Now understand that I can't be the
One to perpetrate the gangsta fever
So I sit back and observe cause I'm kinda smart
Thinkin' brand new ways to my people's heart
Bounce on in a city where they shoot
Over anything from looks to loot
So many fools get lost in a shuffle, should I scuffle?
So many slippin' cause they egos got em trippin'
Now listen what I'm saying cause it's real
Black men dying nowadays got ma** appeal
So you better recognize where I'm coming from
In a city where it's fashion to act dumb
Still stressin', still strivin'
Still coming real, still trying to survive when
Everybody got their motherf**king straps close
This one's going out to my dead foe
And the brothers in the pen
Cause I still got love and I'm never giving up
Cause we still struggling
I see we gotta get it together
Motherf**k what you heard before
I'm still coming with the...

[Verse 2]

Now how many fake gangsters drop when I pop
True facts for the blacks and you know it don't stop
Kickin' knowledge everyday when I bill
It's the man known forever coming real
Now, how many n***as gotta die before we see?
United we stand, divided there's misery
So I put my funk on your a** quick
Hope brothers get the message in the music
I be coming with the sh*t to let you know
I'ma let you know exactly what be going on for sure so we can grow
It's the same old bullsh*t everyday
Young n***as dying up, victims of the game

But as long as I'm living I keep giving facts
And as long as you listen I be bumpin' raps
That's real sh*t coming from a street soldier
N***a, act like you know, for real

"House n***a gotta run and hide"

The perpetating
Balling a** n***a on your block
With slave money
From the record company I'm popping
Now I'm on my way
To the neighborhood liquor store
To help sell more
Of that bullsh*t to my folks
Reaching for a can
It's the man with no conscience
But I'm making money
So n***a you can watch this
Mack bubble
Cause I'm trouble
When I pop the top
Even though I know
I'm selling out my song
Just to make a knot
So n***a Buy It
And f**k what you heard
Cause all of that old Black Power bullsh*t
Is for the birds
Yeah, I know it's poison
And I'm sellin' 'em
But yo
I'm the new house n***a with da flow
"House n***a gotta run and hide" (repeats to end)

› Back in the Days

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Back in the day, 1986

Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix
Doin' party after party, high schools and jam
Back before the Glock was king and brothas spoke like men
Makin' demo after demo, tryin' to come up quick
It's funny how n***as treat you when you ain't got sh*t
But now I kept on 'cause pops told me
Never to let anybody in the way where I try to get
It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk
Jerry in the jail, I had a system in the trunk
And it was on, Friday nights the party's jumpin'
Summertime hits had the speakers straight bumpin'
And believe me, even though we had no loot
Everybody knew that we was finsta come up soon
I still remember them days, they was crazy, but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days

[Verse 2]

1990, fresh out of college

Public Enemy is hittin' n***as up with knowledge
And I love it 'cause without them, there would be no me
Took a trip down to Oakland, heard the minister speak
Felt deep and shortly I was in a while
Forever down for my people 'til the day that I die
That's when "Devil Made Me Do It," it was made, I still remember
The days, still remember the rage, and I was into
Everyday building, trying to be much more

Took a trip down to Cuba, met A**ata Shakur
Had dinner with Fidel, talked about old times
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds
And when I got back, it seemed much clearer to me
And when my cousin went to war, he was only nineteen
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days

[Verse 3]

1992, and I'm sour inside
Cause a couple homies pa**ed away before their time
And even though I'm movin' units schoolin' better than most
It ain't the same 'cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to cope
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me
Cause if it ain't guns and drugs, it's the pigs and HIV
And now I'm lookin' for a way to try to fight it back
But you see it's votin' time and now you wanna ban rap
Thought I was f**ked playin' by your rules
"Sleeping With the Enemy" was album number two
Let's take a look around and see which one of you all
Gotta balls to put me out, here's a middle finger off for all y'all
Tripped for a minute but before too long
A young brotha said, "F**k it!" and a label was born
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be but yo, now it's ninety-fo'
And I'm servin' album number three
How many fake wannabe G's do I see?
Now we're back to days of the n***a and the b*t*h
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip
And realize that it's all in your mind
Mothaf**k you and that fake gangsta sh*t, I stays righteous
And serve 'em with the dope

Should a truth get a clue? Monkey see, monkey do

Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

› It's Real (Extended Movement Mix)

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
93 was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast

And still the same n***a
That was hollerin': "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's 94
And ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And i'm still lookin' for a way
To make us raise
I impose that I still hate the devil
(That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka
That'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why...

Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...
P-Dog, righterous...
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb...
And we kickin' the real...

So anyway I'ma do it this time
So you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
(Gunshot)
And f**kin' with the crew
Will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw
Cause I'm god
So I hope you're listenin'

What I'm kickin': It's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees...

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again...

So I'm still comin' on with this
(Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thang
To see a n***a lockdown, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I...
(...roll up motha f**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this
F**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know...
Scarface records, Paris...
Still hittin' you with the righterous sh*t...
The funky sh*t...
In the name of Allah...
And it ain't gonna never change...
It don't stop...
It don't never stop...
So back your devil-a** sob off me...
And let me get my field...
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again... Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...
And it ain't never gonna change!